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GERTRUDE HAS WON HER ROADSTER. Incidentally she has, of course, performed an amazing feat and beaten all records set by men for swimming the Channel; she has demonstrated the virtue of a feminine generation brought up without corsets, high heels, or long skirts; she has brought a coveted record home to America and the shores of the Shrewsbury River; she has proved a credit to her father and to "Mum" who hardened Gertrude's muscles and built her endurance on sweeping and floor scrubbing. She has, moreover, brought smiles of guileless satisfaction to the lips of the retail meat dealers of New York who issued the following resolution on Gertrude's success:

> The public will perhaps pardon the retail meat dealers if they rise to remark that Miss Ederle's triumph may be attributed in some measure to the fact that she is a daughter of a butcher; that meats have always been a staple article of food in her diet; that a thick, juicy steak is her favorite dish; and that several times during her swim she renewed her strength with beef extract.

But chiefly, Gertrude has won her roadster. The white shores of England may have seemed dismally remote to the girl as she fought the shifting tide; the honor of her sex may have looked a little abstract when her left leg grew cramped and "wouldn't kick properly"; but Gertrude kept her eyes on the roadster dangled right in front of them by her father. As a New York *Times* reporter described it:

> Pop continually roared over the side of the boat: "Trudie, don't forget you won't have that roadster unless you get over."
>
> Gertrude always responded: "Pop, I will have that roadster."

Which proves that Gertrude, although perhaps the greatest long-distance swimmer of all time, is primarily an amusing and normal American kid.

OTHER SWIMMERS, with the heart rather taken out of their performance, are almost daily setting out across the Channel. The chances are of course that none of them will get across. As we write, two men have already given up after hours of heart-breaking struggle in the icy currents. Experts admit that small hope exists of bettering Gertrude Ederle's record; only an amazing combination of speed and luck could do it. The cash value of all future efforts must be noticeably depressed. Many of the swimmers, however, are under contract to make the attempt, and if they fail to break Gertrude's record of speed they may at least produce new marvels of distance and endurance. Another American woman, Clara Barrett, three days before Gertrude's triumphant crossing, failed by two miles to make the English shore, covering forty miles of water and sticking to it for twenty-one hours—some ten miles and seven hours more than Gertrude. If a thick fog had not blanketed and bewildered her for twelve hours she could undoubtedly have made her goal; her mileage and endurance were sufficient under any decent conditions. Clara Barrett deserves more honor for her failure than she is likely ever to receive.

CLEMENCEAU'S LETTER to President Coolidge, urging a more generous attitude by the United States toward the French debt, sounds like an echo of war rhetoric—not the Tiger's own war rhetoric, to be sure, but, say, some of the idealistic utterances of Mr. Wilson for which the French Premier at that time had such complete scorn. Likewise it recalls Clemenceau's younger years, when he too was a burning idealist, rather than his cynical hardness at Versailles, where the foundation for French as well as German post-war troubles was securely laid. Can Clemenceau blame us Americans if we have dropped the high idealism with which we entered the World War and borrowed the cynical indifference toward world welfare which we learned in bitterness from him? There is wisdom as well as a plea for generosity in Clemenceau's letter, yet we fear it will not make even a ripple on American public opinion. If Mr. Coolidge were another sort of man it might move him. But if Mr. Coolidge were another sort of man he would not have accepted our war-debt policy. As it is, he finds it easiest and most natural to say that the matter has passed out of his hands and, anyway, he will deal only with the accredited diplomatic representatives. Clemenceau would do more for his country if instead of addressing passionate words to the wooden Mr. Coolidge he urged Frenchmen not to accept the debt agreement and to seek financial salvation elsewhere than in Wall Street.

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JUST AS A PLEA for international generosity and vision sounds odd as coming from Clemenceau, so it seems strange to find Raymond Poincaré working to restore the finances for whose disastrous condition he more than any other man is responsible. It was Poincaré's jingoism and hate that led to France's policy of ruining Germany industrially after the war and plunging into a sea of extravagant imperialism. When the Dawes Commission finally made it plain even to Frenchmen that France had killed the goose that laid the golden egg and could not possibly pay the internal debt—much less any foreign obligations—out of German reparations, the decline in the value of the franc became catastrophic. Soon after the resignation of Premier Briand in July it went below two cents in our currency. The very desperateness of the situation has aided Poincaré, the Chamber of Deputies having given him a support and cooperation which it had refused to his predecessors. What the result of his financial program will be remains to be seen, but it has had a favorable psychological effect upon the franc, the stabilization of which is not impossible at about two cents. As a circular of the National City Bank points out, France's pre-war debt was about 33,000,000,000 francs. The present internal debt of some 290,000,000,000 francs is nine times that sum. But with the franc at an eighth of its pre-war value the ratio is almost the same. France has repudiated 90 per cent of its debt through inflation of the currency.

SPEAKING OF EUROPE'S WAR DEBT to America, some trenchant observations have been made by Viscount Rothermere, brother of Lord Northcliffe and proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and other former Harmsworth publications. Lord Rothermere repudiates some rather strong criticism of America by the editor of his own *Daily Mail* and blames England as much as the United States for what he rightly considers a mistaken policy. *The Nation* has repeatedly pointed out that our funding arrangements with Belgium, Italy, France, and other European nations call for repayment of only a fraction of the debts, even if carried out, and are not in fact likely to continue more than a few years. Lord Rothermere well says that all the war debts should have been considered as a whole, and he blames Premier Baldwin for binding England to hard terms instead of standing out for a general settlement. As it is, Lord Rothermere thinks America and England will be the first nations to cry "Hold, enough!" This result he foresees because the low-currency countries of Europe are erecting tariff barriers which are going to ruin the foreign trade of high-currency countries like the United States and Great Britain. The economic health of America, like that of England, he thinks, depends upon overseas markets with great powers of absorption.

TORN TO SHREDS politically, with ten thousand miles of boundary lines, Europe is pulling herself together economically. Long negotiations have resulted in a working agreement among the French, German, Belgian, and Luxemburg steel interests. The Polish, Czecho-Slovak, and Austrian steel groups are on the verge of joining their western neighbors. Thus a huge international steel trust has come into being on the European continent. The trust will fix prices, allot quotas of production, and distribute markets; its executive committee will be the international dictator of steel. Thus industry comes to its senses, and renounces the costly pre-war methods of dumping, price-slashing, and cutthroat competition with their waste and friction. Of course, the sacred doctrine of free competition again becomes utter moonshine, but under high-power production and distribution it was doomed. So powerful a combination virtually eliminates the small manufacturer, and it may be an international menace to labor, yet on the existence of such combinations depends European peace in the days when economics override politics. Such inevitable international industrial despotisms are a more serious problem than Europe's sprouting political dictatorships.

HUNGARY'S BLIND GODDESS is a versatile dramatist. Having concluded the farce of the franc-forgers, she donned the tragic mask and brought Matthias Rakosi and fifty-four other political prisoners to trial. Rakosi was a People's Commissar in the Soviet government of Bela Kun. Sentenced to death after the overthrow of Bela Kun, Rakosi nevertheless returned to Hungary to reestablish the Communist Party. He and his fellow-Communists were arrested under the Emergency Act of 1921, which in effect makes an avowal of communistic belief illegal for a Hungarian citizen. Among the prisoners was a group of left wing Socialists who had been members of the Social Democratic Party until its leaders gave their support to the reactionary Bethlen. The left wing, led by Stefan Vagi, then broke away and formed the Socialist Labor Party, in the kind of split which takes its place, in parliaments all over Europe, between the Socialists and the Communists. The Hungarian Government, however, has its own method of dealing with the opposition. All but twenty of the prisoners were condemned to sentences of from ten months to eight-and-a-half years of hard labor, Rakosi receiving the maximum penalty and Weinberger, another Communist leader, eight.

THE SENTENCES were read to an accompaniment of cheers for communism led by Rakosi. And well might these men cheer. For though they face years in the prisons of Hungary, where torture and starvation are accepted facts, their trial has probably done more to advance their cause than could any effort of theirs had they remained free. In Hungary today there are no rights of free speech, press, or assembly. But in the trial party programs were relevant matter. "With a little cleverness in answering the judge's questions," as the Manchester *Guardian* correspondent puts it, the prisoners turned the court into a platform from which they denounced the government and appealed to the workers of the country. The press carried full reports of the trial, though in constant danger of suppression; and the Hungarian proletariat, which has been kept on a diet of thin Socialistic gruel—only the thinnest could trickle through the government censorship—has tasted a tonic of beef, iron, and wine. The "dead men on leave," as Weinberger called himself and his companions, must be grateful to the government which in spite of itself gave their cause a hearing.

AUGUST 3'S BATCH of primaries ran off without surprises. Wets, supported by the regular party organizations, won both party primaries in Missouri; Drys came in from the Montana countrysides with large enough pluralities to overcome the Wet majorities in the cities.

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The Klan candidate won the gubernatorial primary in Oklahoma, but Kansas gave decisive pluralities to the three Supreme Court judges who had ordered the hooded order out of that State. Curtis in Kansas and Harreld in Oklahoma easily won their Senatorial renominations. No wild flames of revolt are leaping through the Corn Belt, though the Coolidge myth is fading and the regular Republicans have sagely made peace with Brookhart. Immediate political interest centers about the skirmish of the McAdoo and Al Smith forces, looking forward to 1928. Every Wet victory in either party is hailed by the Smith forces as proof of his potential strength; but the effort of Judge Talley and some of the Catholic societies to involve the United States in Mexico's struggle with the Catholic Church increases fear that a Catholic in the Presidency might be dangerously subject to outside influences.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL of the Knights of Columbus calls upon President Coolidge to "put an end to this ignominious contempt that has been shown by President Calles for American appeals," and assesses its membership one million dollars for a "campaign of education" about conditions in Mexico. If by "education" the Knights mean the kind of emotional phrase-slinging about "Russification" which makes up a large part of their appeal we hope the members will go on strike. We would urge Roman Catholics in this country earnestly to consider the possible effects of their campaign. When a Methodist bishop wins applause at a "Citizenship Conference" for declaring that no [illegible] "can kiss the Papal ring and even get within gunshot of the White House" sectarian self-consciousness is running high enough. Any attempt to use the United States Government to fight the battles of the Catholic Church in Mexico will only accentuate religious lines and play into the hands of the Ku Klux Klan.

AMERICAN METHODIST MISSIONARIES in Japan have adopted resolutions urging that our naturalization laws be amended to permit all Asiatic peoples to become American citizens. Politicians are likely to give scant heed to their advice, but time will prove them right. America with her dollars dominates the world today, but a time will come when we shall meet and resent discriminations against us in Asia which will be explained as repetitions of measures previously adopted by us. It is natural that missionaries should feel the absurdity of their position, going from a land which practices every form of racial discrimination to preach brotherhood and good-will to the people against whom we discriminate. Common sense might indicate a simple way to retain a measure of the friendly sentiment which we are losing in the East. Our immigration laws already hold Asiatic immigration to a bare minimum. Why add insult to injury by refusing naturalization to the infinitesimal number of Asiatics who cross that barrier and still want to stay?

MRS. HALL, wealthy widow of the New Brunswick, N. J., rector whose unsolved murder mystery solves the problem of hot-weather copy for the newspapers, was held in $15,000 bail—$7,500 on each of two indictments for murder. When Norman Thomas was arrested merely for trying to speak to the Passaic strikers he was held in $10,000 bail—and has not been indicted yet. That's "Jersey justice"—what the Russians call "class justice."

The Matter of Originality

VERY few critics of literature know what they are talking about when they praise an author for his originality or blame him for his lack of it. Perhaps no one could define this most precious of qualities; certainly no one has, though many of us believe we are able to recognize it as soon as we meet it. We can tell, we say, when an artist is standing on his own legs and seeing with his own eyes. But can we? What does it mean to say that one whose function is to reveal the way in which the world walks and talks employs only his own feet and mouth in order to accomplish this end? It once was supposed that his business was to copy nature—in which case, presumably, the more he kept himself out of the picture the better for his art. Those who talk about originality might accept the doctrine of nature, saying that of course the artist reproduces something for our recognition and our pleasure. They rarely are willing to admit, however, that the good artist follows in the path of his predecessors. He may copy nature; he may never copy art.

William Blake showed himself better acquainted with the problem when he wrote on the margin of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses" "The difference between a bad artist and a good one is: the bad artist seems to copy a great deal; the good one really does copy a great deal." If anything is the whole truth, this is probably it. There is no case on record of a first-rate novelist, playwright, or [illegible]ing contamination with those before him who had done well the thing he attempted to do. The Greek tragic and lyric poets are famous examples of workers in a medium which they valued all the more because many had used it. Among modern writers the best, it is almost safe to say, have been the best educated in the traditions of their craft. Students in college writing classes are proverbially advised to study life, not books. But the great writers have been great readers too. Shakespeare was not, as the romantic lover of his plays usually insists, inexperienced in books; rather he devoured them, and did not hesitate to pilfer whole passages from Ovid, Plutarch, and Holinshed. Fielding was one of the best-read men of his day. Wordsworth, who made so much of the inspiration of mountains, went as often to travel books and to the older poets for the matter and even the manner of his lines. Dickens, an "original" if any novelist ever was, grew up on a diet of Smollett and Sterne. Walt Whitman turned his back on European poetry, but he had read it first; and he did not begin to write his "original" things until he had read Emerson. Before long, no doubt, we shall have dissertations on the sources of so wild a wanderer as James Joyce.

What Blake knew, and what most of us do not, is that the artist is dealing both with a world to be apprehended and with a medium through which to apprehend it. The second thing is almost as old as the first, and the artist will respect it as something which existed before he came into being. It is an accumulation from the presence of countless workmen in the shop through countless ages, and if he is a proper man himself he will not mind rubbing his naked elbows against those of other proper men. We expect a cabinet-maker or an architect to take up his task where others left off. We are superstitious about the writer. Of him we ask the impossible—something brand new under the sun of nature and art.

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Lese Majeste

FOR several years *The Nation* has been calling the attention of its readers to the increasing use by the courts of punishment for contempt and the danger involved. We are glad, therefore, that the persecution of George R. Dale, editor of the Muncie (Indiana) *Post-Democrat*, seems to be rousing a considerable number of newspapers to concern themselves with a tyranny which every year is growing more audacious.

Mr. Dale, whose story we touched on briefly in our issue of July 28 (page 68), had been fighting political corruption and the Ku Klux Klan in his weekly, and was finally arrested and indicted on some probably trumped-up charges. He declared in his newspaper that the prosecution was a frame-up, and was thereupon sentenced to three months in jail and a fine of $500, on the ground that he was guilty of contempt of court. When he submitted an answer to the court, in which he offered to prove the truth of his charges, he was fined another $500 and given three months more in jail. The Supreme Court of Indiana reversed the second sentence, but let the first one stand, making this astounding reply to Mr. Dale's plea of truth in justification for what he had written:

> Appellant says in his answer that the statements made in the alleged contemptuous article are true. . . . It is not a justification for contempt . . . even though it be shown that the article published were true, if it in any way hindered the orderly process of the court and brought it into contempt before the people.
>
> It is no excuse for one charged with criminal contempt predicated upon an article published in a newspaper that the article in all respects was true. . . . The truth of an article is not a matter of defense, neither is it a defense to show that there was no intent to commit contempt.

This may or may not be law, but we make no qualification in calling it outrageous nonsense, and a contemplation of its possibilities has jarred some of our most complacent newspapers. Mr. Dale has obtained an appeal to the United States Supreme Court on constitutional grounds, and the New York *World* is trying to raise by subscription the $5,000 which it is estimated will be necessary to present the case. The *Editor and Publisher* is also asking for contributions and gives first place in its issue of July 31 to a discussion of the evil of contempt-of-court procedure and suggestions of remedies from various quarters. The article in the *Editor and Publisher* recalls that the abuse of punishment for contempt has been on the increase since an unfortunate decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court in 1918 in respect to N. D. Cochran of the Toledo (Ohio) *News-Bee*. Up to then it had been the rule in the federal courts, accepted also in the tribunals of most of the States, that the power to punish for contempt was limited to "misbehavior of any person in their [the judges'] presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the ends of justice." In the arbitrary war atmosphere of 1918 the Supreme Court stretched the meaning of the phrase "so near thereto as to obstruct" to apply to any utterance anywhere having a "tendency" to obstruct. This opened wide the road to what has come to be known as "constructive contempt," under which tyrannical judges are more and more denying the constitutional right of free criticism to the press whenever it affects judicial decisions or procedure. The *Editor and Publisher* goes on to say:

> That this usurpation of power in journalistic contempt cases has become unbearable and that means must be found for relief from its increasing menace is everywhere evident today in newspaper circles. . . .
>
> Can courts do no wrong?
>
> Newspapermen know that they can do wrong and that their wrongs may be gross and strike at the heart of sacred institutions. . . .
>
> Direct contempt, meaning contempt in the presence of the court, was followed by the dictum "indirect contempt," meaning an act just outside the presence of the court, and finally "constructive contempt," which may mean anything that an offended judge desires it to mean. And now, behold! the proposition that even in "constructive contempt" cases truth is no defense.

Thus has a limitation of freedom of speech come to be asserted by the courts without warrant from the people. The *Editor and Publisher* proposes a campaign for federal and State laws to enable a person accused of contempt of court to obtain a hearing before a judge of the same rank as the accusing magistrate but in another jurisdiction. This would be an improvement, but to our mind does not go nearly far enough. We believe that the entire contempt-of-court procedure is needless, probably unconstitutional, and chiefly usurped by the courts themselves without legitimate legislative warrant. It is a survival of lese majeste, which has no place in a democratic system of government. "Constructive contempt" is an inexcusable invasion of the right of free speech and should be legislated out of existence. Libel and slander laws afford judges all the protection from criticism that they need or deserve. Direct contempt should be legislated against as a criminal offense, with the right of trial by jury if demanded. There is no "majesty of the law" except in so far as its common sense and justice appeal to an effective majority of any community (as witness the much-abused Volstead act), while the pomp and verbiage and claptrap of our courts lead to nothing but ridicule and distrust in the minds of most people.

But nobody should delude himself with the idea that mere laws will be sufficient to end this medieval tyranny of the courts. The history of such legislation in this country shows that it has time and again been perverted or overthrown by petty judges jealous of their absolutism. The only sure method of overthrowing the abuse, so far as the State courts go, at least, is through constitutional amendments. Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, and Oklahoma have all incorporated provisions in their constitutions looking to that end, but except in the case of the latter State the wording is so vague and indeterminate that it has either not been effectively taken advantage of by the legislatures or has been twisted into inconsequence by the courts. In Georgia, for instance, the constitution says: "The power of the courts to punish for contempts shall be limited by legislative acts." But when the legislature passed a law limiting contempt to misconduct committed in court the worthy judges of the State ruled that the constitution gave authority merely to fix the punishment for contempt, not to define or classify it!

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How to Vote

MR. SAMUEL INSULL'S skilful donations to the various campaign funds in Illinois should furnish food for reflection to those who still cling to a pathetic faith in the possibility of reforming from within either of the two great political parties. Mr. Insull, central figure in a combination of electric-power interests which dominates several hundred communities throughout the Middle West, handed out cash in ten and twenty-thousand-dollar lots to the man who was sure to win the Democratic Senatorial primary, the man who was likely to lose the Republican primary, and—most of all—to the man who would probably win the Republican primary. This last gentleman, Frank L. Smith, was also indorsed by the Illinois State Federation of Labor, following the Gompers tradition of supporting "labor's friends" within the old parties.

Mr. Smith's managers used about $159,000 of Mr. Insull's yellow-back bills; do Illinois labor leaders think that he and his managers will be as grateful to them for their sympathy as to Mr. Insull for his cash? Do labor leaders think that when a Muscle Shoals or Boulder Dam problem comes before Congress their view of power development for public service will have as much weight as the cogent arguments of Mr. Insull and his friends for private control of the nation's water-power? The facts seem to us to reinforce the logic behind the La Follette campaign of 1924. It takes time to build a new political party, solidly grounded in the producing classes of the country, and it is worth it.

Mr. William Hard, in a recent issue of *The Nation*, poked his lean finger into some of the weak points in Senator Norris's suggestion that liberals in Pennsylvania, whether Democrats or Republicans, should this year show their disgust with the Pepper-Mellon-Vare vote-buying methods by casting their ballots for William B. Wilson, the Democratic nominee for United States Senator from that State. Mr. Hard, although he dislikes millionaire vote-buying, is an earnest Wet and a disillusioned hater of Wilsonism in general and of the League of Nations in particular; and he inquires whether, had he been born in Pennsylvania, he ought not to vote for the Wet and anti-League Mr. Vare, rather than for Mr. Wilson, who is personally honest but stands on the wrong principles. The lesson of Pennsylvania seems to us the same as the lesson of Illinois: there is scant hope in either of the old parties.

Farmer-Labor parties are, to be sure, not infallible. England's labor leaders did not show omniscience in office. Nonpartisan League Senators in this country have not always showed the courage we might hope to find in them. Labor and farm organizations are not exempt from the corruptions which befall other groups. Especially in Illinois is the record of American labor leaders dispiriting. But we persist in believing that in these organizations of the men and women who do the harsh productive labor of the country lies the most effective safeguard of political democracy. More and more the life of the country is falling into the hands of those who have thousands of dollars in bills in their safes ready to hand out to those who can help them make more. There is nothing in the organization of the old parties able to resist such temptations. In the economic organizations of the farm and city workers there is at least a method of checking the worst abuses. For the present the official organizations of labor may be disillusioned by the fact that they did not win to victory in a single year; but in the end the old system of trusting to "good men" in the old parties is likely to bring more serious and more lasting disappointments.

Evolution in Legal Education

ONLY in recent years have a few jurists realized that the law is an intimate part of the social sciences and that little progress could be expected from teaching the law as a set of rules, immutable or otherwise. Nor is the function of the law school exhausted by an analysis and systematization of court decisions. The law grows out of social conditions; to be understood it must be studied as a process, in constant evolution. Today the law-school journals are for the first time subjecting the courts, which in this country are raised to a position of extraordinary importance as builders of the law, to regular scientific criticism.

With the improvement in the technique of analysis has come a demand for greater service from the law schools correlating law as a social process with the economic and social phenomena out of which it grows. That requires closer coordination with psychology, economics, and political science, and with the practical agencies for the administration of justice and of government. Hence the demand for research into the practical operation of the rules declared by the legislatures, the courts, and administrative commissions, to determine whether they serve the purpose intended, and what they actually accomplish in the community. In the field of criminal law a bare beginning has been made in this country; and, for the most part, the experiences of foreign countries have been a closed book to the American student of law.

In former days judges and practicing lawyers attempted to write and instruct, in addition to their active professional duties. That day has passed. Life is now so complicated and specialized that legal research and instruction in the law have become the function of a separate craft—the law-school professors. In the process of teaching these have become aware of the sterility of much of what had been taught, of the inadequacy of the available data as to the origin, purpose, and effect of the voluminous work of the legislatures and the courts. On the legislative side progress has slowly been made in the improvement of drafting; on the judicial and administrative side little has been done.

The stronger law schools are working toward more effective legal education and toward organized research in the laboratory of practical life. Columbia announces seminars in legal economics and the intensive study of criminal law in operation; Harvard announces a program of research in legislation, criminology, and legal history; Yale announces the introduction of honor courses for selected high-grade students and research courses and laboratory work; Johns Hopkins is to enter on a program of research in jurisprudence. The American Law Institute, largely aided by law-school professors, is undertaking an extensive task of simplifying some of the more confused and complex departments of the law, such as contracts, agency, torts, conflict of laws, and corporations. It is not too much to expect that in a decade the whole course of legal education may be changed and that the effect of this more realistic jurisprudence will begin to appear in the decisions of the courts.

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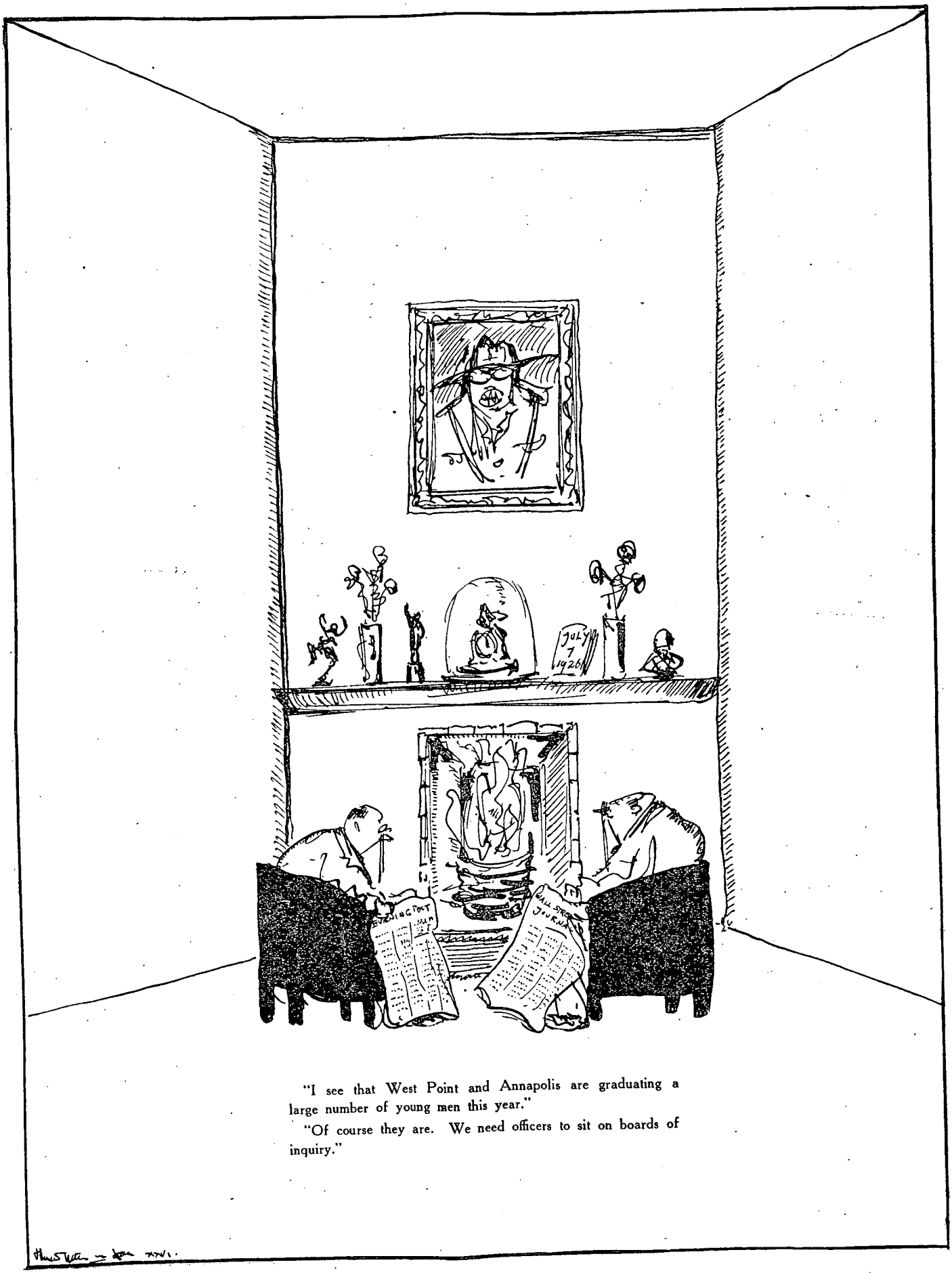

"I see that West Point and Annapolis are graduating a large number of young men this year."

"Of course they are. We need officers to sit on boards of inquiry."

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The Mexican Church Goes on Strike

By CARLETON BEALS

I

Mexico City, July 29

THE faithful in Mexico are crowding a lifetime of emotions into the span of a week. Fanaticism has reached the acme of its brutality and glory. On August 1 the priests go on strike against the laws of the land in accordance with the pastoral letter of July 24 signed by Archbishop Mora and the thirty-four bishops and approved by the Pope. The poor and the superstitious are paying the piper; great mobs of them are clawing their way through the holy portals. Never since the days of the Juarez Reformation have collection-boxes clinked so merrily; never have so many rosaries, scapulars, and candles been sold; never in such short space of time have so many masses been said, so many processionals taken place, so many sacred relics been dusted and paraded. Baptisms, confirmations, confessions, weddings follow one another in kaleidoscopic haste. Babes are torn from the womb to the baptismal font, recklessly exposed to the suffocating, germ-laden air of the crowded interiors; long lines wait interminable hours to buy their confirmation tickets; quarreling sweethearts suddenly bury their troubles and battle through the aisles among the tatterdemalion throngs to be married; well-dressed women walk barefoot, *tápalos* tight about their tear-stained cheeks, through the early morning streets to mass; penitents kneel, arms outstretched, before the chapel altars; the confessional booths are besieged by woe-stricken throngs of sinners; weary priests pass endlessly up and down the abject, close-packed rows with the pyx, giving sacrament: the acolyte holds up the red shield under lifted chins; the Host is dropped on waiting tongues.

The charged center of this furore is the great cathedral, the largest on this Continent, which rises on the main plaza of the Mexican capital—the Zocalo. Here the mass at the gates, buffeted by the soldiery, struggles into the atrium in the shadow of the lofty gray and white façade and jams on through the high Portal of Pardon into the packed nave. The Indians—the poor and the disinherited—are the ones fighting for this last-minute salvation. The middle and upper classes have not been forced to this extremity. Their children have been baptized, christened, confirmed, married at leisure. But the masses streaming into the church have had to postpone these liturgical acts from week to week, hoping against hope that next month or the month after a few more pennies could be laid aside for the confirmation veil, the necessary candles, the fees. But now in this last-minute scramble they have cheated their stomachs and mortgaged their health to beg, borrow, or steal the sums required for every holy act, every administration of holy water, every declaration of bans. This tearful precipitancy has given the cathedral an aspect festive and catastrophic. Red Cross emergency tents and ambulances stand at the gates. Armed soldiers batter back the throngs. Yet in and out whirl the venders of candies, kewpie-dolls, rattles, newspapers, rosaries, and pet dogs—all calling raucously. Ice-cream and lemonade venders dart from person to person. Women faint from the heat; mothers lose their babies; peregrinators picnic in the less-crowded corners of the atrium; they have hung serapes tent-fashion from the iron fence-spikes to ward off the sun and have spread out their meager lunches of tortillas, beans, and frothing pulque.

This morning I struggled against the human ebb and flow into a side portal beyond the Sagrario. The interior was a blast in my face; stench of unwashed bodies, sharp sting of low-hanging clouds of incense. The far singing of the choir was almost drowned out by the wails of the assemblage and the bawl of ten thousand babies. People hung like monkeys from every column and grill; they eddied about altar, choir, and chapel. Colors clashed: blue and brown *rebozos*, lace mantillas, embroidered blouses, scarlet sashes. Inch by inch, almost suffocated, I wormed my way toward the *barandales* of the Crujia. Tier after tier of men and women pressed up coughing, crying, shouting, each carrying a baby to be baptized. Down the long runway paced the soldiers of the state; among them neophytes dashing to and fro for holy water, ever more holy water, and Red Cross aides with ice, cotton, and bandages. Hour after hour the baptismal process continued. First came a soldier, objective and fierce, then a Red Cross aide, an acolyte with a candle, a priest in white and gold robes—swipe of his thumb from holy water to the forehead of each squalling infant, a swab of cotton by another acolyte—finally, the collectors, bringing up the rear, reaching out hands for the fifty-centavo pieces. Hour after hour. Waiting row gave way to waiting row, and still from the back of the cathedral came the press of babies, ever more babies. One woman has but twenty centavos. The coin is snatched by the collector with a snarl, "Baptism's no good." On to the next and the next; more snarls for those who do not have their change ready. Here a peso is offered, the fifty centavos change is tossed back into the throng. The barefoot loser sprawls on his hands and knees, hugging his child in one arm, sticking his hand under the feet of the trampling multitude. A baby falls into the runway. A Red Cross attendant snatches it up. The mother is swept from sight. Crowded back against a pillar, she bawls for her lost infant, holding her arms out helplessly toward the Virgin. Overhead the newspaper kodaks click, the flash-lights boom, and white smoke eddies up into the fumes of incense.

One foot on a bench, the other pressed against the fluting of a column, I look down on the multitude. The whole cathedral seems to sway in the wavering light of thousands of candles, in the quiver of incense from the clanking censers. I have seen religious happenings at Lourdes; I witnessed the epochal procession of the new Virgin of Loreto from the patriarchal church of the Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome; I have followed a great procession up the slashed crooked streets of Toledo in Spain, and these occasions had an aspect of almost sublime solemnity or festivity. But this vast pawing scramble of the excited disinherited of Mexico, this flaunting of idolatry, superstition, rags, dirt, is a profanation of the human spirit. Such is the weapon of the Mexican-Spanish-Aztec church in its battle with the Mexican state.

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II

It is easy to be misled by all this fanatic unleashed emotion, easy to overestimate its political significance. In this city of nearly a million inhabitants, in the center of a region harboring a million more, the number of persons caught up on the present wave of hysteria is not proportionately large. Nor does the fact that a mother fights to have her baby baptized necessarily carry with it any threat of political and military control. In a country where democratic government has only begun to emerge and the army is still the basic instrument of power, a popular demonstration which would cause an American politician apoplexy means little in terms of immediate political change.

Furthermore, it is the church that is on the defensive, though still with sufficient power, at an opportune moment, to plunge the country into chaos. The greatest spiritual might of the Mexican Catholic church was reached during the earlier period of colonial control when such tireless missionaries as Bartolome de las Casas, Gante, Maga Catala, Motolinia worked fervently and honestly to protect and stimulate the indigenous peoples. The greatest material might of the church was achieved toward the close of the colonial period. The Declaration of Independence (Chilpancingo, November 6, 1813) stated: "Congress solemnly declares in the presence of God, our Lord . . . that it does not profess or recognize any other religion than the Catholic, and that it shall not permit or tolerate public or secret practice of any other," sentiments renewed in the Treaty of Cordoba which established the new Government. Yet they precipitated the long struggle that culminated in the Reformation movement of Benito Juarez in the fifties and the definitive separation of church and state. The church, since independence days, has been on the defensive except for short periods. Today, more so than ever. The hundreds of crumbling religious edifices the length and breadth of Mexico remind one that the church is not at the heyday of its power. Indian ceremonies in towns where most of the churches are cracked and weed-riven; and the activities of autonomous indigenous congregations in more remote areas, far removed from conventional ecclesiastical control, indicate that the church in Mexico is being crushed between the Indian renascence on the one hand and the machine-age skepticism on the other.

Many of the principles against which the church objects in Mexico have been accepted by the Catholics of most countries: (1) Freedom of worship for other sects; (2) separation of church and state; (3) sovereignty of the state in civil, political, and material affairs; (4) limitation of the worldly goods which may belong to or be inherited by the church. The Queretaro constitution of 1917 reinforced these principles and established other restrictions growing out of the monopoly character of the Catholic Spanish-Aztec church in Mexico, such as prohibiting religious primary schools, public religious processions, political activity by the priests, the presence of foreign-born priests, and the limiting of the number of priests and churches.

The church has never accepted any civil or religious readjustment with good grace. Even in the colonial days the viceroys and the ecclesiastics were constantly at each other's throats, battling for jurisdiction and economic control. The Catholics overthrew President Comonfort and precipitated a bloody six-years' religious war, which culminated in the imposition of a foreign emperor, Maximilian, favorable to their cause. In more recent times they opposed the democratic program of Madero, supported the assassin-President Huerta, and rallied behind the De la Huerta movement to plunge Mexico back into an era of chaos. The federal authorities during that trouble caught priests with rifles in their hands, and the Archbishop of Guadalajara toured Jalisco in behalf of the rebels. Recent short-lived *cuartelazos* in the church centers, Guadalajara and Aguascalientes, were traced, in part, to ecclesiastical machinations.

The church in Mexico has in the past been such a great property-holder as to cause stagnation in the economic life of the country. Even in colonial times the government had to limit mortmain holding and in 1767 confiscated the properties of the Jesuits. Shortly after the war of independence it was estimated that no less than half the real estate in the country belonged to the clergy and every large hacienda carried a church mortgage. In 1856 some twenty million pesos of church property were sold, the money being turned over to the church. Since then the church has had no legal right to own realty and the government has felt itself justified in confiscating all lands improperly held.

III

The present conflict grew out of the church's renewed anti-government activities, fomented by the bitter apostolic letter of the Holy See of February 2, 1926, and the reindorsement of a manifesto signed by the Mexican episcopacy in 1917 attacking the religious provisions of the constitution. This reaffirmation coincided with the anniversary of the adoption of the 1857 constitution and was coupled with widespread propaganda in the Catholic press at a time when the Government was facing international difficulties over the new petroleum and foreign-property laws. Many of the constitutional provisions affecting the church had remained dead letters, others had fallen into desuetude. But now Archbishop Mora y del Rio was cited to appear before the Attorney General for special hearings; church officials violating the law were arrested; foreign-born priests were seized and deported overnight; additional church properties, clandestinely held, were confiscated; many Catholic institutions—primary schools, hospitals and orphanages—not allowed by the constitution, were closed. The Papal Delegate Caruana, who had entered the country under false pretenses, was ordered to leave.

The more immediate disturbances were caused by a recent law requiring church officials to register with the municipal authorities. Orders were sent out to disobey this law. The National League of Religious Defense called an economic buyers' boycott for the purpose of "paralyzing the economic and social life of the country." A general pastoral letter, sanctioned by the Pope and issued on July 24, attacked the law and constitution, threatened the government officials with excommunication, and called for the cessation of religious services and rites from August 1 on.

The church is likely to gain little through stirring up fanaticism and fear; and it lacks weapons for a military uprising. Its stand is obstructionist, negative. It could afford to disregard the Government had it in the past carried out a constructive program for the distressed country of which it is a part. But the church has opposed every necessary reform of the past fifteen years. Its priests have alienated the rural population by excommunicating peasants accepting ex-church lands, and by hobnobbing with the large landowners. Yet if the church has to bear the burden of the black stigma of such leaders as Iturbide, Santa Ana,

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Feliz Zuloaga, Maximilian, Huerta, it also has the more glorious tradition of Las Casas, Vasco de Quiroga, Hidalgo, and Morelos, who understood the Indian and knew the people and their problems. These men had social programs which would seem advanced even today; and Vasco de Quiroga, with his Cajas de Comunidades, his reforms, his emphasis upon education created early in the history of the Mexican church a tradition of popular liberty which, had it been preserved, would have saved the institution from the tragic misstep of today when it is placed in the sorry position of denying its own members spiritual ministration.

And so, here in the Zocalo, where the riveting machines, enlarging the national palace of Cortes, shatter the harmony of the great tolling bells of this Church of the Asuncion de Maria Santisima; here where once rose the old teocalli of the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli, this one-time capital of the native empire—here the old conflict between church and state has drawn to a new poisonous head.

August 1

But before the cathedral, this first day of August, before its now barred entrance and silent atrium, fifty thousand anti-church paraders are passing. Not with fanaticism but with the enlightenment that characterized the thought of its greater leaders will the Mexican Catholic church reconquer its dignity and power of service.

Garvey: A Mass Leader

By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

THE Garvey movement is a crowd movement essentially different from any other social phenomenon among Negroes. For the most part American Negroes have sought self-magnification in fraternal orders and the church. But these organizations have failed to give that support to the Negro's ego-consciousness which the white masses find in membership in a political community, or on a smaller scale in Kiwanis clubs and the Ku Klux Klan. In a certain sense Garvey's followers form the black Klan of America.

The reason for Garvey's success in welding the Negroes into a crowd movement becomes apparent when we compare his methods and aims with those of other leaders. Take, for example, the leadership of Booker Washington. Washington could not be considered a leader of the masses of Negroes, for his program commended itself chiefly to white people and those Negroes who prided themselves on their opportunism. There was nothing popularly heroic or inspiring in his program to captivate the imagination of the average Negro. In fact the Negro was admonished to play an inglorious role. Certain other outstanding efforts among Negroes have failed to attract the masses because they have lacked the characteristics which have distinguished the Garvey movement. It is only necessary to mention such an organization as the National Urban League and its leadership to realize that so reasoned a program of social adjustment is lacking in everything that appeals to the crowd. The leadership of Dr. DuBois has been too intellectual to satisfy the mob. Even his glorification of the Negro has been in terms which escape the black masses. The Pan-African Congress which he has promoted, while supporting to some extent the boasted aims of Garvey, has failed to stir any considerable number of American Negroes. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which has fought uncompromisingly for equality for the Negro, has never secured, except locally and occasionally, the support of the masses. It has lacked the dramatic element.

The status of Negroes in American life makes it easy for a crowd movement to be initiated among them. In America the Negro is repressed and an outcast. Some people are inclined to feel that this repression is only felt by cultured Negroes. As a matter of fact many of them can find satisfaction in the intellectual and spiritual things of life and do not need the support to their personalities that the average man requires. The average Negro, like other mediocre people, must be fed upon empty and silly fictions in order that life may be bearable. In the South the most insignificant white man is made of supreme worth simply by the fact of his color, not to mention the added support he receives from the Kiwanis or the Klan.

Garvey came to America at a time when all groups were asserting themselves. Many American Negroes have belittled his influence on the ground that he is a West Indian. It has been said that Garvey was only able to attract the support of his fellow-countrymen. The truth is that Garvey aroused the Negroes of Georgia as much as those of New York, except where the black preacher discouraged anything that threatened his income, or where white domination smothered every earthly hope. Moreover, this prejudice against the West Indian Negro loses sight of the contribution of the West Indian to the American Negro. The West Indian who has been ruled by a small minority instead of being oppressed by the majority, is more worldly in his outlook. He has been successful in business. He does not need the lodge, with its promise of an imposing funeral, or the church, with its hope of a heavenly abode as an escape from a sense of inferiority. By his example he has given the American Negro an earthly goal.

Garvey went even further. He not only promised the despised Negro a paradise on earth, but he made the Negro an important person in his immediate environment. He invented honors and social distinctions and converted every social invention to his use in his effort to make his followers feel important. While everyone was not a "Knight" or "Sir" all his followers were "Fellow-men of the Negro Race." Even more concrete distinctions were open to all. The women were organized into Black Cross Nurses, and the men became uniformed members of the vanguard of the Great African Army. A uniformed member of a Negro lodge paled in significance beside a soldier of the Army of Africa. A Negro might be a porter during the day, taking his orders from white men but he was an officer in the black army when it assembled at night in Liberty Hall. Many a Negro went about his work singing in his heart that he was a member of the great army marching to "heights of achievements." And even in basing his program upon fantastic claims of empire, Garvey always impressed his followers

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that his promise was more realistic than that of those who were constantly arguing for the theoretical rights of the Negro. In the *Negro World* for October 18, 1924, he warned his followers that

> Those who try to ridicule the idea that America is a white man's country are going to find themselves sadly disappointed one of these days, homeless, shelterless, and unprovided for. Some of us do harp on our constitutional rights, which sounds reasonable in the righteous interpretation thereof, but we are forgetting that righteousness is alien to the world and that sin and materialism now triumph, and for material glory and honor and selfishness man will slay his brother. And in the knowledge of this, is the Negro still so foolish as to believe that the majority of other races are going to be so unfair and unjust to themselves as to yield to weaker peoples that which they themselves desire?

And after all this is essentially what most Negroes believe in spite of the celebrated faith of the Negro in America.

A closer examination of the ideals and symbols which Garvey always held up before his followers shows his mastery of the technique of creating and holding crowds. The Negro group becomes idealized. Therefore he declares he is as strongly against race-intermixture as a Ku Kluxer. He believes in a "pure black race just as all self-respecting whites believe in a pure white race." According to Garvey, civilization is about to fall and the Negro is called upon "to evolve a national ideal, based upon freedom, human liberty, and true democracy." The "redemption of Africa" is the regaining of a lost paradise. It is always almost at hand.

This belief has served the same purpose as does the myth of the general strike in the syndicalist movement. Garvey, who is dealing with people imbued with religious feeling, endows the redemption of Africa with the mystery of the regeneration of mankind. He said on one occasion: "No one knows when the hour of Africa's redemption cometh. It is in the wind. It is coming one day like a storm. It will be here. When that day comes, all Africa will stand together."

Garvey gave the crowd that followed him victims to vent their hatred upon, just as the evangelist turns the hatred of his followers upon the Devil. Every rabble must find someone to blame for its woes. The Negro who is poor, ignorant, and weak naturally wants to place the blame on anything except his own incapacity. Therefore Garvey was always attributing the misfortunes of the Negro group to traitors and enemies. Although the identity of these "traitors" and "enemies" was often obscure, as a rule they turned out to be Negro intellectuals. The cause for such animosity against this class of Negroes is apparent when we remember that Garvey himself lacks formal education.

Garvey who was well acquainted with the tremendous influence of religion in the life of the Negro, proved himself matchless in assimilating his own program to the religious experience of the Negro. Christmas, with its association of the lowly birth of Jesus, became symbolic of the Negro's birth among the nations of the world. Easter became the symbol of the resurrection of an oppressed and crucified race. Such naive symbolism easily kindled enthusiasm among his followers. At other times Garvey made his own situation appear similar to that of Jesus. Just as the Jews incited the Roman authorities against Jesus, other Negro leaders were making the United States authorities persecute him.

Most discussions of the Garvey movement have been concerned with the feasibility of his schemes and the legal aspects of the charge which brought him finally to the Atlanta Federal Prison. It is idle to attempt to apply to the schemes that attract crowds the test of reasonableness. Even experience fails to teach a crowd anything, for the crowd satisfies its vanity and longing in the beliefs it holds. Nor is it surprising to find Garvey's followers regarding his imprisonment at present as martyrdom for the cause he represents, although the technical charge on which he was convicted is only indirectly related to his program. But Garvey has not failed to exploit his imprisonment. He knows that the average man is impressed if anyone suffers. Upon his arrest he gave out the following statement: "There has never been a movement where the Leader has not suffered for the Cause, and not received the ingratitude of the people. I, like the rest, am prepared for the consequence." As he entered the prison in Atlanta he sent a message to his followers which appeared in his paper, the *Negro World*, for February 14, 1925. He paints himself as a sufferer for his group and blames his lot on a group of plotters. In commending his wife to the care of his followers he says: "All I have, I have given to you. I have sacrificed my home and my loving wife for you. I intrust her to your charge, to protect and defend in my absence. She is the bravest little woman I know." Such pathos he knew the mob could not resist, and the final word he sent to his supporters under the caption, "If I Die in Atlanta," with its apocalyptic message, raises him above mortals. He bade them "Look for me in the whirlwind or the storm, look for me all around you, for, with God's grace, I shall come and bring with me the countless millions of black slaves who have died in America and the West Indies and the millions in Africa to aid you in the fight for liberty, freedom, and life."

Since his imprisonment Garvey has continued to send his weekly message on the front of his paper to his followers warning them against their enemies and exhorting them to remain faithful to him in his suffering. It is uncritical to regard Garvey as a common swindler who has sought simply to enrich himself, when the evidence seems to place him among those so-called cranks who refuse to deal realistically with life. He has the distinction of initiating the first real mass movement among American Negroes.

Martha and Shadow

By DONALD DAVIDSON

Martha said, Shadow is little, Shadow is not
Able as I when world is gold in the sun.
She walked in the dew of the clover, and Martha forgot
That the day had only begun.

Martha said, Shadow is weak, Shadow will fly
Wherever I come in the dew and clover of morning.
Shadow was smaller at noon but would not die.
Shadow, not Martha, had a long time for growing.

Shadow said, Martha is little, Martha is not
Able as I in evening, and evening is last.
Martha said, Shadow is all. I know thee, O Shadow!
I will come into Shadow and rest.

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Glimpses of Arthur Gleason

By HELEN HAYES GLEASON

II

THE larger part of our wardrobes consisted of bathing suits, all sorts and conditions of bathing suits. The assortment grew with his habit of swimming in each new place, as he tramped and traveled about, buying a cheap suit for the time. On a visit to a friend—he used to tell me this chuckling and beaming with the humor of it—he was put into quite a splendid room. His luggage contained two articles, pajamas and a bathing suit. The man-servant had courteously unpacked the bag and spread the two garments across the bed as he was wont to do for more formal guests. My husband was delighted over it.

In Maine, where we often went, a bathing suit was the only thing he ever wore, unless walking, and then it was the under garment. In time a suit became faded, ready for the discard, but it was nearly impossible to get his permission to dispose of the old friend. The first camp we visited permitted us to come to meals in dry suits—a fine camp, he thought. But on returning, after an interval abroad, we found the old haunts had become civilized. People "dressed" for outdoor sports, sat about looking unhappy with lack of conveniences, or herded together under lights, not caring for the hush of evening broken by chirp and rustle of night creatures. We had happy times in Maine.

> Three weeks of sunshine, and only one gray day [he wrote a friend from there]. For many hours each day we drink in the energy of the sun. Later it will come out as laughter and health and good cheer. Sunlight is the cure of all maladies of body and spirit. It ends introspection and the modern diseases of ingrowing morbid fancies, for the sun's ray travels faster than the poison weeds and burns them up at their secret root. Under the sun man takes his proper place in the natural world as a wholesome little creature, instead of a bundle of fevers and nerves and swollen egoisms.
>
> The greatest word of the nineteenth century was Emerson's "Why so hot, little man?" meaning man, the sickly and civilized, taking himself so seriously as lord of life and master of things, when he is really one more among a million, million living things that swim and fly and creep and take their moment of being. One is never hot in the sun. One is hot in a closed room.
>
> All social gain of hours and wages will only be good as it frees human beings for the sun and the air, the soil and the water. The social movement can have no other goal than into the outdoors.
>
> I have never known man or woman, loving the outdoors, who did not have a something of distinction.
>
> Nature is the beginning and end of religion, for all beauty is here, and it is man's chief end to adore the creation. Worship and wonder are one. Man is the spectator and the participant in a carnival. Fortunately for him, his five senses are of narrow range and admit only a thousandth part of the color and sounds and motion. If he could hear and see more of the riot, he would go drunk with exuberance; and by nightfall under the moon, he would go mad.

That year we shipped our luggage to Boston, starting south at Old Orchard Beach on foot, each carrying extra shoes, slicker, and night clothes. We followed literally at the water's edge. That brought us to estuaries which meant detours unless some boatman gave a lift. But there is no time element for tramps, no schedule. It delighted him to wander carelessly, to tarry at every whim. A passing trolley bore the sign "York County Fair"; so to the county fair we went for half a day. Perched on a fence we saw the ball game and the team-dragging contest. He entered into all these simple entertainments with the freshness of a child. We ate country-cooked chicken and home-made cake. A "boarding house for workingmen" was recommended for the night's lodging. It was clean and very reasonable, but not a room was left except a small one on the top floor, in which Madam stored her fruit. It contained a camp cot. Perhaps another could be squeezed in, if we would like to stay. So in we turned to dream among the countless jars of gleaming jellies and vegetables lining the walls.

The spot which offered no chance of a swim was really a bit second-class in his mind.

"If I had the range of reading," he said, "I should make myself an anthology of swimming." This he wanted to do very much and had been collecting notes toward it for several years.

All places found him swimming. The shore-line was inevitably the goal, no matter what the mission. The Belgian Coast, the Lido, Bermuda, a New Jersey canal, New Orleans, California. He swam half way round the world and planned to complete the circle. Every stretch of water-front from Portland, Maine, to Atlantic City had been explored by him; every quiet nook around New York he knew. When the crowds gradually seeped through he retired to a more remote spot. A bare rock jutting up off shore, thirty feet of water round about, was a glorious place to swim the day. His system was to take two suits, always lying about in a dry one, for the winds were keen, though the rock was warm under the sun.

* * * * *

I have been turning over quite idly leaves of books frequently in his hands. It was his habit to read with a lead pencil, marking everything that moved him, heavily underlining between the typed lines, if it were special, as well as inclosing the passage in a long curved line at the margin. The old pencil had a way of traveling up and down the page, tapping with the rubber end, as he read.

In the preface of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" is the following paragraph which in large part could be said of him who has marked it:

> *Whose natural impulse it has ever been to speak out;* who has ever spoken too much rather than too little; who would have saved himself many a scrape, if he had been wise enough to hold his tongue; who has ever been fair to the doctrines and arguments of his opponents; who has never slurred over facts and reasonings which told against himself; who has never given his name or authority to proofs which he thought unsound, or to testimony which he did not think at least plausible; who has never shrunk from confessing a fault when he felt that he had committed one; who has ever consulted for others more than for himself;

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who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends.

He was devoted to Newman. During one of our many moves the "Apologia" disappeared, remaining a mystery for months. Not a week passed without a turning out of some corner for the "Apologia"; friends had searching inquiries directed at them and innocent babes were suspected until at last the truant book turned up. The volume is old and fingered. The following sentences seem to have become a part of him: *"Living movements do not come of committees,* nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post." *"I can fancy myself thinking it was allowable in extreme cases for me to lie, but never to equivocate."*

* * * * *

He always traveled with Gibbon and as invariably—such was the balance of his taste—with the *Popular Magazine,* for which he used to write and for which he always wanted to write again when time could be found. Henry Herbert Knibbs was a favorite for yarns and Western verse. The *Popular* of 20th December was in his bag on the last journey, with Vol 2 of Gibbon's Rome. A "San Diego to Yuma" Pullman ticket is between pages 354 and 355. The pages are heavily marked. The chapter treats of Athanasius, his condemnation and expulsion from Alexandria. Gibbon was fond of using certain words over and over in a chapter, and all through this part zeal and tumult are marked with a circle—page after page the eye picks it up. The two words are singularly applicable to A. G.—his zeal for truth amid the tumult that finally took him, carelessly.

In his traveling bag, also, in a grubby note-book is written this about someone; it doesn't say about whom, but it fits himself: "A fine chap whom his family adored, whom friends adored, whom his wife adored." There was something naive about this grubby note-book habit. He would fill in the first page with his age and weight, height, name, and address just like a child. One of these he carried in order to jot down the titles of "books wanted" as they occurred to him.

I wonder if anyone ever left such a trail of personality as A. G. through the books he read. Because he had not read widely in the originals of many languages he felt that he was not widely read. His standard was that of the scholar. If he was not what he meant by a scholar, he was scholarly in tendency. The same thoroughness and intensity that characterized each thing he did was evident in his reading. Books were companions, thumb-marked and scarred if you will, but to be stuck to for inner worth, not outside dress. He read swiftly and deeply. The things he cared for he read over and over. Two or three old familiar ones at a time he kept going in rotation. Over his desk hung shelves for special favorites that had seen him through the years—from childhood to recent gifts they dated. They included books on swimming, early school and college favorites, fairy tales, "Gil Blas," the "Apologia," books written and given by friends.

To one who wrote with enthusiasm over a light best-seller, he replied:

> As against that, I recommend Richard Hooker and Gibbon.
>
> How are these for rules:
>
> No committees.
>
> No time for magazines, weeklies, and cheap stuff.
>
> A little time each day on the great source books of the ages: Plato, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, *Whitman, Wordsworth,* Hooker, Gibbon, Plutarch, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Flaubert, Melville, Molière, Balzac—whichever one or ones are for the person; whichever feeds.

When a book was given to us together, I asserted an equal claim, having it on my own desk for visits, but if that book had found its place on the three shelves over his desk, then the visit was inevitably short. The day would come which revealed its flight. The companionship of these certain books became a working background as necessary as a pipe.

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By his own gift of companionship he drew men and women. His genius for friendship was founded on a mutual give and take. He learned the value of equality in this way.

When he was a very small person he was conscious of a feeling of superiority toward the coachman. One day in the stable yard he ordered the man to do something or other, swelling up inside himself over his own position in the world. Whereupon the coachman turned deliberately and swore at him conscientiously, continuously, for some moments, swore him into thin air, into holy fear, swore him into an everlasting and wholesome respect for all working people. He always gave that man credit for teaching him a great lesson in life. It makes me laugh when I see his early pictures and consider what a meek-looking little boy he was, how funny it must have been, that vigorous flood of self-respect splashing over his snobbish head. And snobbish seems an unfair word to use. Yet I take his own account of it, that he had a feeling of superiority and was a snob for the time, but the lesson was final. Never afterward by a tone of voice or a gesture could the word be fitted to him.

[*To be concluded*]

In the Driftway

HOW much of genuine objection and how much of concealed envy is there in the chorus of disapproval that has gone up among American lawn-tennis fans over the decision of Suzanne Lenglen to become a professional? Amid a lot of claptrap the Drifter has caught just one comment that rang entirely sane and sincere. A woman player told a newspaper interviewer that if anybody were to offer her $100,000 to turn professional she would think a long while before refusing. So would most of the others. Or else they would think a long while afterward—in remorse. The only exceptions to this are such persons as already have a good income for which they don't have to work.

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A GOOD many of those who have discussed Lenglen's action have questioned if it were possible for her to make a satisfactory professional tour in this country. That is the concern not of Lenglen but of her manager, and he probably knows what he is about from his previous experience with "Red" Grange in professional football. What the Drifter takes exception to is the assumption running through most comment that professional sport is less reputable than amateur and that Lenglen has lowered herself by going into it. It is high time that the absurdity of

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this attitude be generally challenged, especially in a supposedly democratic country like the United States. Modern sport, of course, is a creation of the aristocratic class in Great Britain and was originally intended as the exclusive province of "gentlemen." The whole theory of amateurism is essentially snobbish, although it is only fair to say that its most zealous champions in this country have usually not realized it and have been inspired by other motives. The common argument has been that if sport is to be a pastime it is necessary to make it profitless in order that all the prizes and honors shall not be carried off by persons who adopt it as a business. But nearly every sport of consequence has now reached a stage of development and specialization where in order to be a star it is necessary to make a business of it. A champion cannot have a serious and absorbing vocation outside. He must have an independent income, be supported by devotees of the sport, or earn his livelihood by some occupation indirectly dependent upon his reputation as a player. There is no more amateurism in the upper realms of amateur sport than in the most definitive professionalism.

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AND if there were it would be nothing to brag about. We do not honor amateur actors or physicians above professional ones. In some fields of sport, indeed, the professional seems decidedly superior to the amateur. The Drifter respects the maligned "pot hunter" who captures game or fish as a livelihood, though he may believe in restricting his actions in the general interest. For the so-called sportsman who kills only for the fun of killing the Drifter has no sympathy at all. And as to professional lawn tennis, the Drifter will sign a contract to engage in it tomorrow for anybody's $100,000. Indeed for that sum he will become a professional almost anything except a drifter. He insists upon his amateur status there for fear that otherwise drifting would become too much like a job—and so a bore. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Who Killed the Nonpartisan League?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on The Exploited Farmer in *The Nation* the rash statement is made that "When the farmers of North Dakota a few years ago set afoot a genuine program of self-help under the Nonpartisan League, it was smashed by the business and banking interests of the great cities."

From seven years' experience with the Nonpartisan League I would state rather that the league was helped by this opposition and killed by its friends. To blame the demise in all States except North Dakota on Big Business is to deprive farmers of a valuable lesson in organization. The foremost cause was the reluctance of farmers to pay dues. Most of them want to carry on war without a commissary department of their own financing. Big Business had no power to keep the average farmer from paying his moderate dues or honoring his signature on the post-dated check.

As early as 1918 agitation was started in several States for "more democracy" by men who wanted power and were woefully lacking in the ability to organize and agitate as compared with the Townley staff. As a matter of fact, there was too much democracy in the league for a fighting farmer organization rather than too little; farmers can't fight successfully unless they trust leaders who have proved themselves.

The next important cause was a league-staff mistake, forced largely by popular clamor, of attempting too much—too many costly daily newspapers and stores, and too much legislation at one time. The farmers quit instead of helping their organization to work out of this mistake.

Next I would mention the loss from successful elections. Outside of North Dakota none of the people elected to prominent office were worth a thin dime in help to the farmer organization. Cromwell's Ironsides furnish a better example for farmers who want to fight for their rights than "mass parties," "one organization for farmers and workers," and other stuff preached by the Farmer-Labor "improvers" on the Nonpartisan League.

"Big Business" wept with the farmers over the dues they paid to the league. But is that a manly excuse for $2,000,000 in unpaid post-dated checks?

If we do not blame the devil beyond his due, the good people may pay more regard to their own shortcomings.

Mound, Minnesota, July 7 A. B. GILBERT,
Formerly editor of the *Nonpartisan Leader*

Catullus Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Verbiage is the defect in William Hard's translation of Catullus in *The Nation* of July 7. For the sake of hendecasyllabic lines words are introduced not necessary either for the sense or emotional effect. In the Latin there is no extra word. Is a faithful translation desired, equally unlabored, try this:

Let us live and love, my Lesbia.
Mutterings of the austere aged,
Let us count them all as nothing.
Suns that set return with morning!
For us, when once the day has ended,
Only sleep, with no awakening.

Whitman, Mass., July 9 MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

American Art or Negro Art?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For Mr. Schuyler to say that "the Negro masses . . . are no different from the white masses" in America seems to me obviously absurd. Fundamentally, perhaps, all peoples are the same. But as long as the Negro remains a segregated group in this country he must reflect certain racial and environmental differences which are his own. The very fact that Negroes do straighten their hair and try to forget their racial background makes them different from white people. If they were exactly like the dominant class they would not have to try so hard to imitate them. Again it seems quite as absurd to say that spirituals and blues are not Negro as it is to say that cowboy songs are not cowboy songs or that the folk-ballads of Scotland do not belong to Scotland. The spirituals and blues are American, certainly, but they are also very much American Negro. And if one can say that some of my poems have no racial distinctiveness about them or that "Cane" is not Negro one can say with equal truth that "Nize Baby" is purely American.

From an economic and sociological viewpoint it may be entirely desirable that the Negro become as much like his white American brother as possible. Surely colored people want all the opportunities and advantages that anyone else possesses here in our country. But until America has completely absorbed the Negro and until segregation and racial self-consciousness have entirely disappeared, the true work of art from the Negro artist is bound, if it have any color and distinctiveness at all, to reflect his racial background and his racial environment.

New York, June 14 LANGSTON HUGHES

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Books

Retreat

By LAURENCE JORDAN

Now against winter let us bring together
Food for our pantry, coal, and woolen sheets,
Thatch of tough straw to roof us safe from weather
And stones to wall us from the noise of streets.
Let us put kitchen-ware upon the shelves
Of cutlery and crockery and plate;
And build a bed for us to rest ourselves
And lay some logs and kindling on the grate.

In hoarded foodstuffs and hard masonries
Must lie security of some small kind.
Out of such perishable goods as these
We build the little hope that we may find
Ourselves in thirty years, face pressed to face,
Talking together, sitting in this place.

The Getting of Ideas

The Art of Thought. By Graham Wallas. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

A BOOK on the art of thought in general suffers from the initial disadvantage of an extremely abstract content. Like those college courses in elocution or pedagogy which teach the youthful orator who has nothing to say how to say it eloquently or which instruct the prospective teacher who knows nothing how to impart his ignorance effectively, a discussion of thinking without reference to its concrete objective might seem condemned in advance to barrenness. Mr. Wallas even adds to these difficulties by the peculiar psychological position which he maintains. In his opposition to the unsatisfactory mechanistic view which regards reflective thought as a passive result of instinctive activity, he goes so far to the other extreme as to say: "the cortex of the upper brain may, for instance, of its own initiative, to satisfy its own need of activity . . . start the process of thought." Surely it is not necessary in order to vindicate the significance and the active character of thought thus to assume a vitalistic magic, acting without stimulus, in the cortex. Reaction is still action, and if instincts are satisfied through reason so much the better for both. Not by its separation from instincts but by its coordination of them is reason honored. No treatment of rational activity which cuts it off from its natural antecedents and consequents can ever be profound. Nevertheless, despite all this, a study of thought processes in themselves if the student be a good introspectionist or a careful collector of data may still be practically useful. Mr. Wallas's "Art of Thought" purports to be addressed to the "young adult"; actually it is even more addressed to the teacher, and there are few teachers, young or old, who cannot derive profitable suggestions from its pages.

For Mr. Wallas, as for most modern psychologists, there is no such fundamental difference in method between reason and imagination as was supposed by nineteenth-century writers like Shelley and Carlyle—although, be it noted in passing, Mr. Wallas gives unwonted recognition to the intellectual value of Shelley's "Defense of Poetry," which "ought to be read and reread by every student of the psychology of thought." Both reason and imagination pass through similar stages: Preparation, the gathering of material; Incubation, the unconscious mulling over it; Illumination, the sudden appearance of new ideas; supplemented in the case of reason by a fourth stage, Verification, in which the new ideas are tested by facts. It is in his emphasis upon the necessity of the second stage, whose very existence is not guessed by many teachers and is certainly not allowed for anywhere in our educational scheme, that the greatest value of Mr. Wallas's work lies. But the chapters that follow on the dangers of too much and too little habit, too much and too little energy, too much and too little mysticism, too much—and here no too little—faith in uniform compulsory education are equally reasonable and convincing. Mr. Wallas writes with the practical wisdom born of long experience. He gives no hint, to be sure, as to how to use our new ideas when we get them—and here his art of thought is an incomplete art—but he does, what for most of us is perhaps more needful, suggest methods by which we may at least get some new ideas to use. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Soldier and Peasant

From Double Eagle to Red Flag. By General P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield and Company. Two volumes. $6.50.

Broken Earth. By Maurice Hindus. International Publishers. $2.

GENERAL KRASSNOFF, commander of Cossack cavalry during the Great War and ataman of the Don in 1918 in opposition to the Bolshevik rule, presents under a slight fictional disguise his reminiscences of the period from the accession of Nicholas II to the victory of Bolshevism. The English translation has been considerably cut; but even at that, the two volumes contain a sample of almost everything one has ever read in newspapers and novels about twentieth-century Russia. Imagine it all seen through the eyes of an observer whose attitude is clearly that of his hero, Lieutenant—later General—Sablin. "Everything is simple in your mind," says young Sablin's mistress. "Partitions are put up, shelves are made and labels attached: God, the church, candles, ikons, devotions; the Czar, fidelity, parades, the regiment, the uniform, the honor of the uniform, the regimental family in general, things permitted, things not permitted." At the end of his career, just before he is tortured and killed by the Bolsheviks, he is the same. Life has lost all meaning for him because it has been deprived of the beauty which is brought into it by the family, the fatherland, one's regiment, the army, victory, and the Czar as the symbol of all that is elevated. A minor hero is the young and romantic Karpoff, whose example had a "beneficent influence" on his officers and men, devoted to their regiment, their emperor, and their mother country, "ignorant of political events, fulfilling their duty to man and God." General Krassnoff explains the Sablins and Karpoffs in terms of their traditions, training, and ideals; and because he shares their viewpoint he makes them comprehensible and even appealing—to any imagination that has ever been nourished on Scott and Dumas.

The war scenes at the front he pictures as one who knows his business. We see the growing disorganization of the army through his dismayed eyes. Here he had been living the "life of a Christian with other Christians at the front." And then comes chaos in the rear, and a spreading contagion. But the book, too, becomes chaotic as the revolution advances. The raw deeds of men, when their motives are not understood or even plausibly guessed at, make horrible reading. The details of the organized sadism and eroticism, which spell Bolshevism to the general, may be partly the product of the imagination that in war and revolution spawns atrocity tales out of its own perverse cravings. But that men should imagine such things is almost as bad as that they should sometimes execute them. Some can take their vicarious sadism straight; others have to have it disguised with varying degrees of subtlety. One has to take it straight from the general. Of course, he does attempt to motivate Bolshevism—as a Jewish conspiracy: "The seventy sages whom nobody knows, and the Russian revolution

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led from the depths of Zion. A mystery? But it is far better not to think." He chooses the better part. He calls Lenin—whose "puffed-out cheeks are distorted by the senseless smile of an idiot"—"a monster in the full sense of the word, a product of degeneration brought on by an intellectual life surpassing his mental capacity, as well as by the calm, inactive life of a philosopher." Not, certainly, a charge to be brought against the intellectual life of General Krassnoff. But the Taras Bulbas are more picturesque than the philosophers.

At the end of the second volume one comes across a baroness who executes a batch of local Bolshevik commissars. She sits on her steed, all her gestures full of supple feminine grace, and shoots them one by one. Then she folds her revolver, hangs it on her belt, takes up the bridle, and with a soft sigh of gratified passion, and looking with tired eyes once more on the Bolsheviks she has killed, rides away.

Like her, one looks with tired eyes on the carnage and turns to such a book as "Broken Earth" to recover one's balance and find a credible Russia. Mr. Hindus knew the pre-war peasant and was a part of the village life. After nineteen years in the United States he returned two or three years ago to see what had happened to the Russia that "toils, produces, fights, and dies." He went from village to village, stayed with peasants in their homes, worked with them, attended their churches, dances, festivals, weddings, funerals, mass meetings. He tells the story of the mujik in his own village in central Russia, because he believes it to be essentially the story of the mujik throughout Russia. Or rather, he lets the peasant tell his own story, for he found that he had become amazingly articulate. Mr. Hindus records it all with such simplicity, such freedom from bias, and such a sensitiveness to human values that one is reminded again and again of Turgenev. He rode to pasture with the boys and girls of his village, who were anxious to detach the American visitor from the old people, who hadn't learned anything in recent years. The young people, they assured him, were different; some had been in the Red Army; had read books and listened to lectures. None of them—not even the little ones—any longer believed in ghosts and spirits, water-nymphs and house-goblins. Such beliefs came from the priests who had served the Czar and kept the mujiks in ignorance, so that they could come and sprinkle water in the houses and drive out evil spirits and get some rye and a basket of eggs. Instead of the old talk that Mr. Hindus remembered from his boyhood, talk of girls and dances and horses and town fairs and gipsies, he hears words totally unknown to his boyhood—science, technique, tractors, atheism, education, culture, electricity. The minds of these young folks were teeming with new concepts, new ideas, new beliefs. They were aware of the world outside their village. The older peasants—as one chapter shows only too clearly—are still servile, brutal, dishonest in many ways. But the manager of the experimental farm, in spite of the endless discouragement of the struggle to enlighten the peasant, expresses at the end his belief in the mujik's gifts and possibilities. Come back thirty years from now and you will see! Mr. Hindus gives a moving sketch of one intellectual whom he calls "the last of the Russian Hamlets." Does he really believe that? DOROTHY BREWSTER

Georg Brandes in Greece

Hellas. By Georg Brandes. The Adelphi Company. $2.50.

IT is not often given to a man approaching his eightieth birthday to fulfil a lifelong dream, especially a dream so deeply rooted as was Georg Brandes's desire to see Greece. In 1918 he said: "I have been these forty years the only Dane who was a Greek, not a Hebrew"; this though on both sides he was of Jewish origin. In 1922 he wrote: "He who has longed all his life for Attica, and who finally realizes his dream of standing on the Acropolis, is seized with a feeling of awe. . . . The longer one has thirsted for this sight, the profounder is one's rapture."

There is something profoundly moving in this book commemorating the journey, not because it contains much that is new about either ancient or modern Greece but because it reveals so clearly the tragic aspect of the author's genius. A flaming firebrand of advanced views in his youth, denied a professorship in the University of Copenhagen because of his liberalism, in his maturity the most comprehensive interpreter of the whole range of European culture, he lived to see himself neglected as a reactionary because the rationalism he represented no longer stirred men's minds. Greece, with all its shortcomings, was his homeland, because Greece to him represented the nearest approach in history to the reign of reason. Therefore he could say: "Greece, not Palestine, is the Holy Land, and until humanity recognizes this fact, until humanity discards its indifference to truth and its hatred of reason, which in our day is cankering all souls and permeating all of literature and philosophy, we shall witness nothing more nor less than a continuous and progressive decay of our civilization."

Brandes turned to Greece not only because of its rationality but also because of its respect for nature and the natural man. In addition, Greece had created and exalted the hero, and in his mature years Brandes saw hope for humanity only in the leadership of exceptional men. In the possibility of enlightening the mob he had no faith. "The first decisive trait in the spiritual history of Hellas was its production of the hero." This, we may surmise, is the reason why Homer and Xenophon are the two authors chosen for extended discussion in this book; Xenophon, the eulogist of Cyrus the Great and his distinguished descendant for whom the ten thousand Greeks marched into Persia; Homer, the creator of Achilles, Hector, Odysseus, Ajax, and Diomed. This part of the discussion is vivid and informing, and will interest both laymen and scholars.

The book has no unity save that indicated by its title. The last two chapters deal vigorously with post-war politics, particularly the Venizelos episode and the scandals of Allied diplomacy in the Near East. The translation is frequently awkward and sometimes inaccurate. We are told, for example, that in certain of his writings Xenophon "entered into controversy with Plato," when the meaning must have been "came into rivalry with Plato." CLARA M. SMERTENKO

An Incomplete Examination

Christian Science. An Examination of the Religion of Health. By Sir William Barrett and Rosa M. Barrett. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

AS coming from a former member of the Society of Psychical Research who wrote on Spiritualism and Swedenborgianism, this book has a tendency toward the occult. The title is question-begging. Christian Science is not necessarily a religion of health, considering the hundreds of cases of malpractice for which its healers are responsible. The author cites but one instance, that of the death from diphtheria of some young girls in 1903. It is, of course, proper to say that Eddyism preaches optimism, but, as Sir William elsewhere acknowledges, it is a "bastard idealism," a misconception of the system of Bishop Berkeley—of whom, he adds, it is doubtful if Mrs. Eddy ever heard. The latter statement is typical of a book which does not go back to original sources. The first edition of "Science and Health" does mention the good Irish bishop and attempts to utilize his system of genuine spiritual realism to uphold the Eddyite illusionism. The author nevertheless exposes the logical error of Eddyism. Because matter, from the idealist standpoint, is dependent on mind, we do not conclude that matter has no existence.

Mrs. Eddy's "sublime indifference to logic" is amusingly pointed out in the statement that Christian Scientists all find the

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delusions of clothing, food, shelter, and money necessary, while bicycles, motors, and trains may with advantage be used by them as by others. In fact, the only material thing to be given up is medicine. As a scientist Sir William is logical, but he has not all the evidence at hand. He deplores the lack of an index to Mrs. Eddy's writings, although a complete concordance has been out for a decade. He speaks of the excellences of the *Christian Science Monitor*, evidently unaware that those qualities were originally due to the English journalist Mr. Dixon, who was finally deposed from his editorship because of his independent spirit. Again, he accepts the statement of Mrs. Eddy herself that she had no physician "besides God," apparently not knowing that she had a private physician in constant attendance in her latter years of invalidism besides the Massachusetts doctor who gave the death certificate; all this in spite of Mrs. Eddy's statement that "the heart, blood, lungs, and brain have nothing to do with life," and that "man is incapable of death." Again the author is too modest in his statement that Mother Eddy left some $2,000,000.

Despite these errors the book is valuable for its showing up of the true Mrs. Eddy, who is declared to be an egoistic megalomaniac like John Alexander Dowie. In the chapter on The Growth of Christian Science the author is misled by statistics from headquarters. The church is not growing as it once did, as is evidenced by the refusal of its directors to furnish an account of their numbers to the Federal Census. However, they may make up in quality what they lack in quantity, for, as Sir William asks: How can poor persons belong to a body which demands a per capita tax, the purchase of expensive textbooks and journals, and, in the case of a healer, extremely high prices for instruction—in Mrs. Eddy's day $300 for seven lessons?

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

A Part of the History of Russia

A History of Russia. By Sir Bernard Pares. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THE author of this book, as director of the School of Slavonic Studies in the University of London and chief editor of the *Slavonic Review*, is a conspicuous figure among English-speaking students of Slavdom. In further evidence of its respectability the book has been included in the Borzoi Historical Series, edited by our most energetic propagandist of "the new history." Such considerations may tempt the reader to hope for a discussion of the true nature of social evolution in Russia, and to expect a presentation of the subject in the light of the work of Russian scholars in the last half-century.

But these 500 pages offer no improvement in this respect over Rambaud's "Histoire de la Russie," published in 1869. Rejecting the brilliant work of the late V. O. Kliûchevski, who "is lordly in his disregard of all that does not serve his purpose," Sir Bernard meanders pleasantly onward, recording names at the rate of a page to the dozen, and jotting down the day of the month—frequently without identifying the year—on which such heroes as Dmitri Donskoi crossed this or that river or performed other memorable feats. It would not, however, be fair to imply that Sir Bernard does not essay the production of illuminating generalizations concerning human development; the following is a fair sample of his endeavors: "The Russian has a historical feeling for Christendom. But he has also a world-sense, living in his earliest songs, not to be flaunted, very deep-rooted but all the more real for that. . . ." Another tenet of "the new history," the correlation of geography and history, finds place in Sir Bernard's creed; the result is the enunciation of a novel but obviously important sociological principle: "These lordly water-roads could not be of much use to anyone while they remained only scenes of warfare. Thus the river taught peace, and the river taught trade." One of the rare "problems of Russian history" is Paul's paternity; peasant revolts "it would be weary work to enumerate." More enlivening are the relations of Russia with other states; possibly for this reason the diplomatic and military dealings of Russian rulers are recounted with a fulness out of all proportion to the space devoted to the domestic history of Russia. In the latter field are offered such profound conclusions as that, in declining Kiev, "the trouble was that there were too many" princes, or that Ivan IV of Moscow was one of Russia's "most enlightened statesmen," though his policy was "madness."

This curious concentration on the periphery of Russian history, sparing only random observations for the history of Russia itself, is not to be explained by reference to the Russian historians cited in the bibliography. Kliûchevski, whom Sir Bernard salutes as his "teacher and master," produced a splendid synthesis of Russia's social evolution, based on careful analysis of economic as well as political developments. Of the rich historical literature that rewards the student bold enough to overcome the language barrier the existing incomplete and faulty translations of Kliûchevski and Kornilov can convey only a dim conception. Between the history of Russia as interpreted by Kliûchevski, Platonov, or the Marxist Pokrovski and the history of Russia as retailed by a man who deems his subject "pathetic," no comparison is possible.

As a consideration of relatively slight importance must be mentioned the infinity of technical defects in the present work. Sir Bernard, disdaining the standard American and British systems of transliteration, lays down new rules to which he does not adhere. Typographical errors abound, not always assignable to a compositor's dismay at some sibilant name. Eight diagrams function as maps. However, there is a complete and accurate table of English rulers from Egbert to George V. But a truce with technicalities. Ignore them all, the book remains a true borzoi, shaped in the interest of speed, beautiful in its whimsical ungainliness, with very little space for cerebration.

J. D. CLARKSON

But the Answer?

What Is Civilization? By Maeterlinck, Mukerji, and Others. With an Introduction by Hendrik van Loon. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

"WHAT is it all about? And is it possible for the human race to get beyond a certain point of civilization without writing its own sentence of doom?" The answers to these questions, no matter how partial or faulty, would, from the authors selected, make an intensely interesting book. But before he brought on his authors Mr. van Loon's rapidly revolving mind threw out some more questions. "This is an era of rivalry," he says; "the war, that strange racial eruption which took place at the very eve of the supposed brotherhood of man, has made many ancient nations conscious of their almost forgotten past. They now press forward with their claims. They prove to us that their ancestral contributions to the cause of civilization surpass those of any other people. . . . Who will get the prize?"

And so he bows on his crowd of contestants, and the proofs of their ancestral contributions fill the book from which we had hoped to get new light on the more engrossing query, "What is Civilization?" Mukerji states the case for India, W. E. B. DuBois for Africa, Chi Fung-liu for China, Maeterlinck, a critical, almost unsympathetic, and so possibly more interesting expositor, for Egypt, Herbert Spinden for Ancient America, Ralph Adams Cram for the Middle Ages, and Paul Shorey for the Age of Pericles. After them come two curiously inapposite contributions, about Women and America's Bad Manners, from Ramsay Traquair and Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

Each essay offers much that is interesting. Herbert Spinden keeps most closely to the original submerged question, and his brilliant summary of the little-known economic gifts of the

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American Indian is particularly interesting to the present reviewer.

Mr. Traquair's contribution is extraordinary. Original he must be or perish. And so he takes the attributes popularly accredited to woman and presents them all to men. Are women generally supposed to be more imaginative and more artistic than men? We may not have realized this until he tells us, but in any case he will achieve greatness by asserting that men are more imaginative and more artistic than women. The arts, he says, are thought to be women's particular domain, and their cultivation is considered effeminate in men. Yet in vain do we attempt to force women to be artists, and in vain do we attempt to prevent men. Natural capacities triumph. Although "in art matters women have for fully a century and a half been better trained than men," "in the whole field of art women are inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities." Conversely, society has done what it could to keep women out of practical affairs. But in these they excel. Witness a long list of great women executives, beginning with Queen Elizabeth. In his enthusiasm Mr. Traquair has forgotten that far from having to overcome antipathies to a woman as an executive, Elizabeth was born to the purple. He has forgotten that half the thrones in Europe were then occupied by women. The traditional differences between men and women wilt strangely under critical analysis, but Mr. Traquair's method simply substitutes for them a new list, quite as unproved, quite as absurd, and quite as dangerous if it should be accepted.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

Notorious Literary Attacks. Edited with an Introduction by Albert Mordell. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

After a learned and sensible introduction, in which he makes it clear that the joke was not always on the critics who damned for one good reason or another a great writer of their time, Mr. Mordell reprints from nineteenth-century periodicals attacks on Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne, Rossetti, Whitman, Hardy, and Stevenson. A curious and valuable work of reference.

Swinburne. By Harold Nicolson. *Herman Melville.* By John Freeman. *Walt Whitman.* By John Bailey. *George Meredith.* By J. B. Priestley. English Men of Letters. The Macmillan Company. $1.25 each.

These earliest members of the new English Men of Letters Series are done with uniform competence by men who have recently made names for themselves in England as biographers and critics. The first is much the most interesting of the four, though its subject is perhaps the slightest.

The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Presumably the best work of a poetess whose ranking by certain judges remains inexplicably high. Always lucid, intelligent, and sweet, this verse never achieves any important kind of power.

Savonarola: A Dramatic Poem. By Charlotte Eliot. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. London: R. Cobden-Sanderson. 5/.

Thirteen scenes in traditional rhymed pentameters from the life of Savonarola. The introduction by the author's son is careful and interesting.

Sherwood Anderson's Notebook. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Few of the ideas contained in these scraps will be unfamiliar to a reader of Mr. Anderson's novels and of "A Story-Teller's Story." As always, he protests against a dull, mechanical, and desperate age. But he has never written more engagingly, and he furnishes not a few autobiographical items of signal interest.

Men and Horses. By Ross Santee. With More than One Hundred Original Drawings by the Author. The Century Company. $3.

Mr. Santee's stories of cow-punchers are good, but his pictures of man and beast are better. His eye for character in a horse is keen and sure. Whether his horses are bucking across a whole page or standing forlorn, as if forgotten, in a tail-piece, they are rendered with a realism as rare as it is affectionate.

Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains. By Percy MacKaye. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Mr. MacKaye continues to make excellent if somewhat formidable capital out of his residence among the Kentucky mountaineers. It is his language, smothered in dialect, which is formidable; his own spirit is as generous and guileless as ever.

Acoma, The Sky City. Study in Pueblo-Indian History and Civilization. By Mrs. William T. Sedgwick. Harvard University Press. $4.

An attractive contribution to the growing literature of the aboriginal Southwest. A wealth of illustrations assists an intelligent and informed text.

James Thomson. *Britannia. A Poem. 1729.* John Dryden. *Alexander's Feast: or the Power of Musique. 1697.* John Gay. *To a Lady on Her Passion for Old China. 1725.* William Collins. *Persian Eclogues. 1742.* Oxford University Press. Respective prices: $2.25; $2; $1.50; $2.

Four more items in the series of type-facsimiles so brilliantly begun by the Oxford Press a year ago.

First Wounds. A Story in Five Chapters of Verse. By John Varney. Francesco Bianco.

An autobiography dealing in not always lucid free verse with important states of the soul. If some of this very long poem is hard going, much of it reaches to beauty and truth; and for the idea of such an enterprise there can, of course, be nothing but praise.

Blues: An Anthology. Edited by W. C. Handy. With an Introduction by Abbe Niles. Illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

A remarkable contribution to the growing knowledge of Negro poetry and music. The source in this case was obscure and difficult of access, being the living habits of the race; but the right persons have gone to it, and the result is both wonderful and amusing.

After the Ball: Forty Years of Melody. By Charles K. Harris. Frank-Maurice, Inc. $4.

Mr. Harris is the undisputed Ford of the "sweet simple love" lyric industry. In one inspired hour he wrote the words and music of "After the Ball," and received about $100,000 for his pains. Scores upon scores (he lists over 100 separate titles) of "real, clean, home songs," among which the best known are "Break the News to Mother" and "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," have poured from the bottomless reservoir of his sentimentality. Yet there is a large and lusty fly in the humdrum ointment of his 376-page volume: he admits that, from the beginning, he wisely eschewed "any vulgar stuff" from his ballads and constantly capitalized sentiment. "There'll Come a Time," perhaps, when "Baby's Eyes" and "My Mother's Kiss" will be "Better than Gold" " 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," but, unless you read this book, "You'll Never Know" how much Mr. Harris is concerned with the royalties that still pour in "In the Good Old-Fashioned Way."

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International Relations Section

The Women's Peace Congress at Dublin

By ANNE MARTIN

London, July 23

THE congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom just closed in Dublin has made a notable impression on public opinion in this still-distracted island. The opening reception at the National University revealed Eamon De Valera and President Cosgrave under the same roof for the first time since the treaty was signed in 1921. Not to mention delegates from former belligerent, allied, and neutral countries, the congress brought Republican women representing both the Art O'Connor and De Valera factions, women from the Six Counties and women from the Free State, into peaceful and harmonious cooperation for the pacification of the world, if not of Ireland.

Always acute politicians, Irish leaders of different factions lost no time in arranging meetings at private houses to inform delegates from different countries as to the status and aims of their respective groups. Opportunity was thus given to hear Miss Mary MacSwiney and Miss Albinia Brodrick (sister of Lord Midleton), representing the extreme Republicans under "President" Art O'Connor, who will have nothing to do with the Free State Government; De Valera, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Countess Markiewicz, and Mrs. Despard, who believe the forty-eight Republicans elected to the Dail should take their seats if the troublesome oath of allegiance to the King can be removed, thus creating an effective opposition; and Senator James Douglas, Deputy Tom Johnson (Labor), and Mrs. Stopford Green (Senator in her own right and widow of the English historian), who discussed the international, political, economic, and social aims of the Free State Government.

The unemployed, too, under their leader, Larkin, were heard by the congress in plenary session. They entered bearing placards which read: "80,000 people and their dependents are without work or maintenance," "Children are dying of hunger in this land of plenty," "In the midst of 'peace' we perish of hunger," "The Irish workers enjoy the freedom to starve." A subscription was taken, and a referent appointed on the general subject of unemployment.

During the session the aims of the league were restated, after long debate, to be "to unite the women in all countries who are opposed to every kind of war, exploitation, and oppression, and who work for universal disarmament and for the solution of conflicts by the recognition of human solidarity, by conciliation and arbitration, by world cooperation, and by the establishment of social, political, and economic justice for all, without distinction of sex, race, class, or creed." It was a disappointment, in view of Great Britain's power in the League of Nations, to find that many of the British section, under the leadership of Miss Kathleen Courtney, manifested a more nationalistic spirit than any other section throughout the debate on this statement of aim. At the same time it is amazing that this woman's congress, composed of one hundred and fifty delegates and alternates from eighteen war-torn countries, nearly all of them extremely individual and determined women, reached practical working unanimity in spite of sharp differences of opinion. Probably no one in the world could have organized this Babel into concrete, creative internationalism as successfully as Jane Addams. Nothing is more illuminating than to watch Miss Addams in the chair. Whatever her own views, she is supremely neutral. Her object is to give both sides as complete a hearing as possible within the practical limits of time, and to reach conclusions by general agreement rather than by arbitrary majority rule, whenever possible. She is, as she says herself, a "middle-of-the-road" person. Nevertheless, her farsighted and neutral leadership as chairman certainly made it possible for this to be more than a "middle-of-the-road" congress.

Its program covered the subjects Women in Parliament, Colonial and Economic Imperialism, Militarism, Arbitration, and Disarmament, and Relations Between Majorities and Minorities. The work of the league, apart from the executive, is carried on between congresses by three commissions dealing with the last three subjects. These commissions, after open session and debates, report their conclusions back to the plenary sessions of the congress in the form of resolutions.

Those presented by the Commission on Colonial and Economic Imperialism and adopted by the congress strike at the roots of war and go as far in urging the establishment of a new international and economic order, without war, as the most ardent radical could wish. The resolutions on arbitration and disarmament call upon the national sections (1) to press upon their governments the necessity of settling all disputes by negotiations for conciliation and arbitration through a third party, (2) to offer an all-in-arbitration treaty to any nation ready to sign it, and (3) to sign the optional clause of the statute setting up the Permanent Court of International Justice. The congress urged further that national sections everywhere should undertake a campaign of education for arbitration and for hastening the development of a system of international law.

The importance of educating children under school age on constructive peace lines was emphasized and the national sections were instructed to oppose attempts to give military training in schools and colleges. A resolution opposing as a form of military propaganda the use by the United States Government of postal cancelation stamps urging the attendance of its citizens at military training camps was carried in principle. Resolutions were adopted against the manufacture of poison gas, armaments, and munitions (the news of the terrible powder and munitions explosion in New Jersey came that day). The congress called upon the International Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations to prepare with all possible energy and good-will for complete and universal disarmament.

The discussions and report of the Commission on Relations between Majorities and Minorities, in the skilful hands of Miss Catherine Marshall (Great Britain) as chairman, assisted by Dr. Hilda Clark (a granddaughter of John Bright) as rapporteur, were perhaps the most expert work of the congress. Frau Yella Hertzka (Austria) stated that in Europe before the war there were minority populations amounting to some 28,000,000, which increased to more than 35,000,000 after the war; that more than twenty different minority groups existed in Austria alone; and that the solution seemed to be some form of federated

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state government. Miss Marshall spoke of Italy's delay in concluding a minority treaty to define the rights of the millions of Germans it rules in the Austrian Tyrol. Mrs. H. M. Swanwick urged the league to work for the establishment of a Minorities Commission by the League of Nations, because "it is not the least use to have a body like the Council of the League of Nations into which to pour your griefs."

The congress adopted the resolutions of the commission, which in abridged form are as follows:

1. National sections in countries where minorities form compact geographical groups are urged to study federal government as a possible solution.
2. Declaring the belief that racial, religious, and cultural minorities form a valuable element in a state, the majorities are urged to allow special treatment to minorities as regards language, religion, and other cultural differences, thus serving justice and the interests of the state.
3. The Council of the League of Nations is asked to carry out its responsibility for the protection of minorities by appointing a commission through which petitions forwarded to it may be investigated.
4. The coming Assembly of the League of Nations is asked to consider whether countries which have minority problems, but have not concluded minority treaties, have acted in accordance with the resolution passed unanimously at the third Assembly with reference to the treatment of minorities.

The congress also appealed to the governments of states which are members of the League of Nations to press for a convention establishing minimum rights of minorities, which the Assembly of the League could recommend to all its members for signature. The congress requested its minorities commission to undertake work for conciliation between minorities and their governments by forming branches of the Women's International League composed of members of both majority and minority parties; by publication of facts concerning the treatment of minorities; by helping minorities, when requested, to put their complaints in proper form as required by the regulations of the Council of the League of Nations.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLTON BEALS has been in Mexico for several years making a study of social and political institutions there. He has been chosen to lecture on Mexican history to the committee of Americans now visiting Mexico at the invitation of President Calles.

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ANNE MARTIN of Nevada was the first woman to run for the United States Senate.

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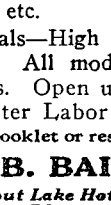

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